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The Olive Percival
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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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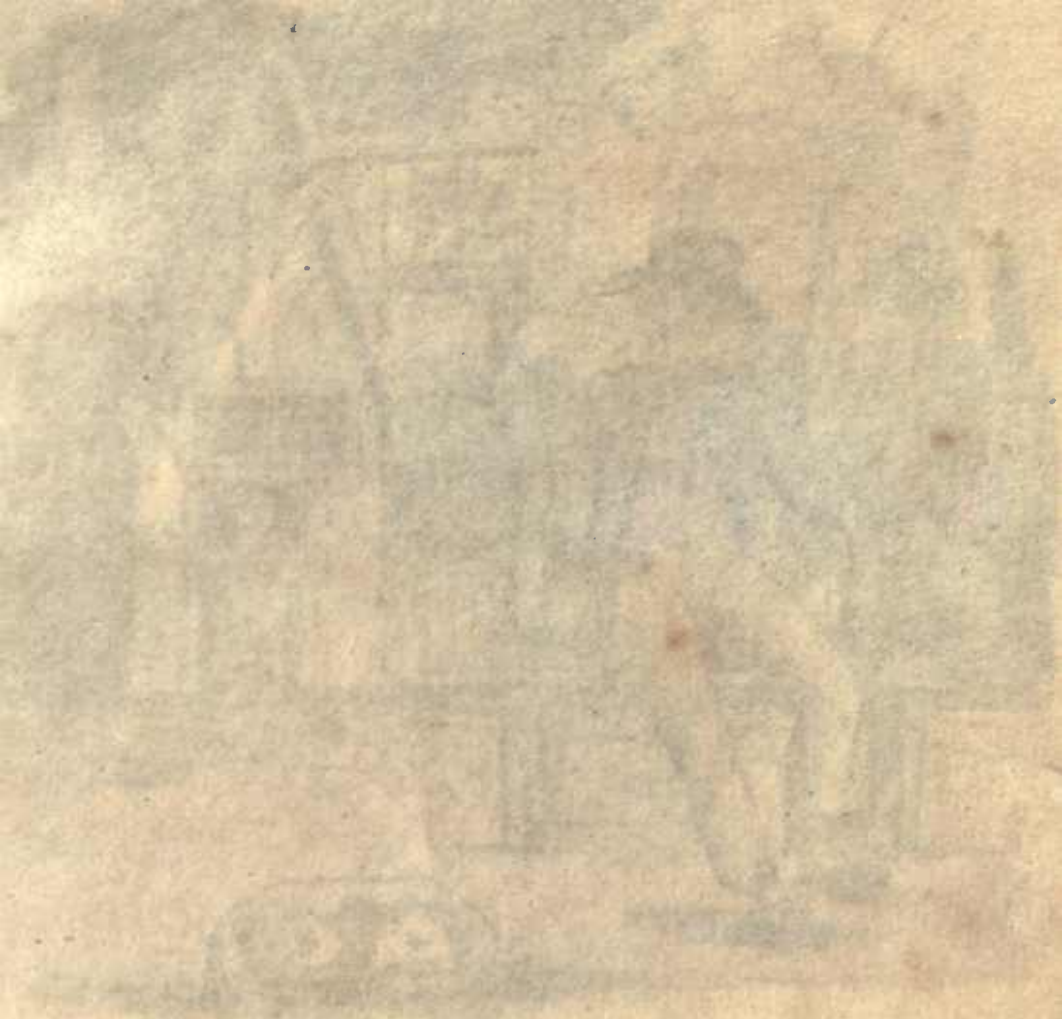
LOS ANGELES



An old fashioned fellow once
lived at the rose,
His chin was, believe me, just
under his nose,
His mouth was between them,
and as for his eyes,
If I'm not mistaken, were both
of a size.

DAME TALKATIVE's

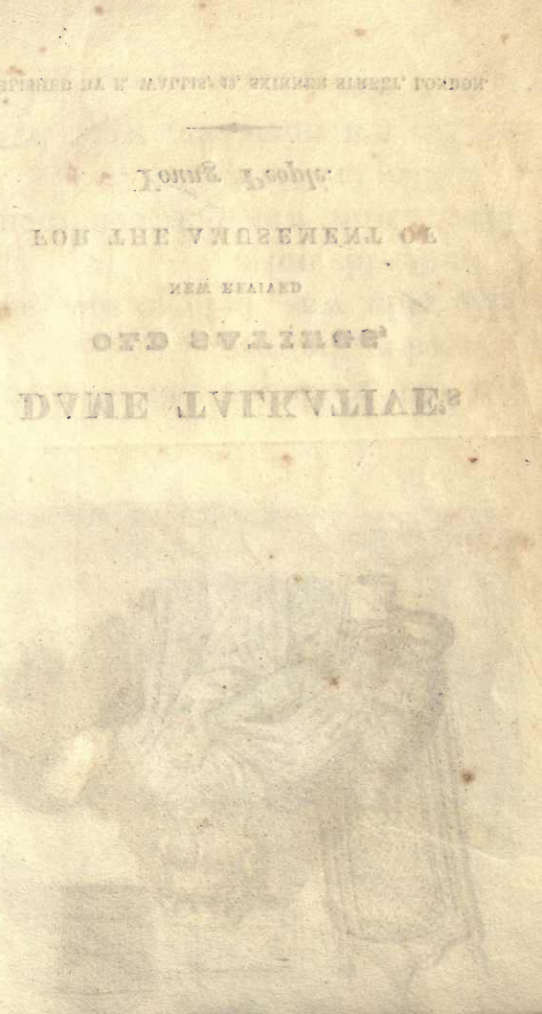
OLD SAYINGS,

NEW REVIVED

FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF

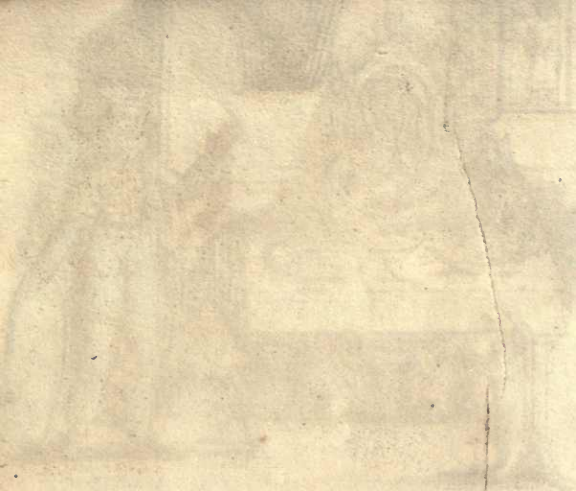
Young People.

PUBLISHED BY E. WALLIS, 42, SKINNER STREET, LONDON.



Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day,
Come with a hoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or not at all.

There was an old woman, and what do you think,
The chief of her diet was victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink was the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman would seldom be quiet.



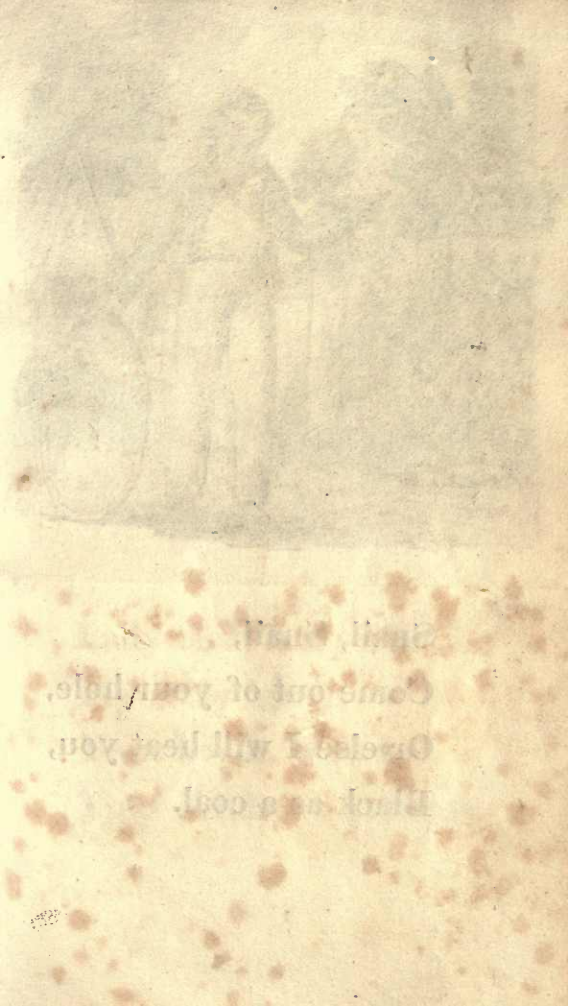
Tally was a Welchman,
Tally was a thief,
Tally came to my house,
And stole a piece of beef.

Taffy was a Welchman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a piece of beef.

The rain doth beat, the winds do
blow
Besides, there comes a fall of
snow,
So stay until the storm is past,
Nor face the raging northern
blast.

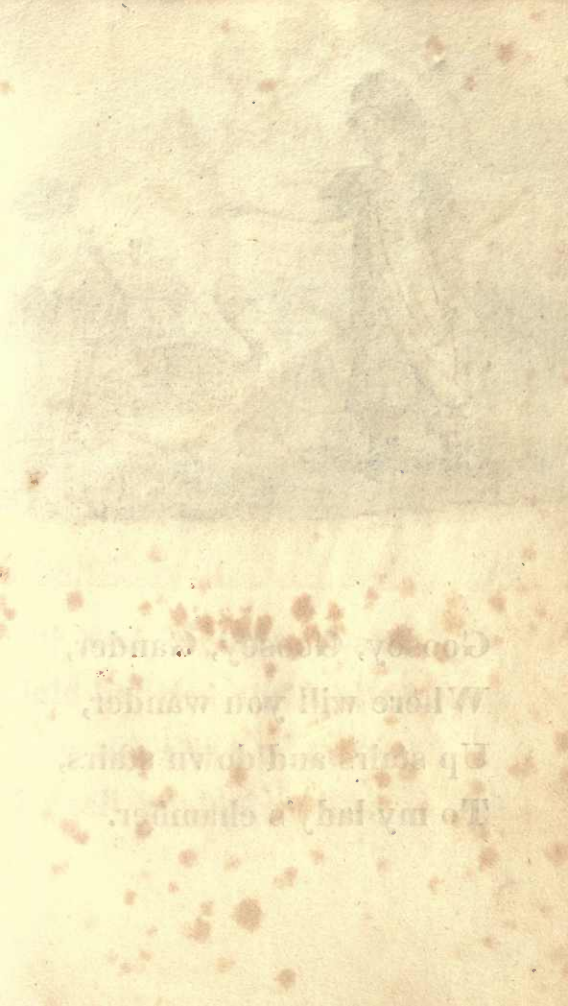
Drunk or sober go to bed Tom,
Go to bed Tom,
Get up in the morning
And follow the drum.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son,
Stole a Pig and away he run;
The Pig was eat while it was sweet,
And Tom ran laughing down the street.



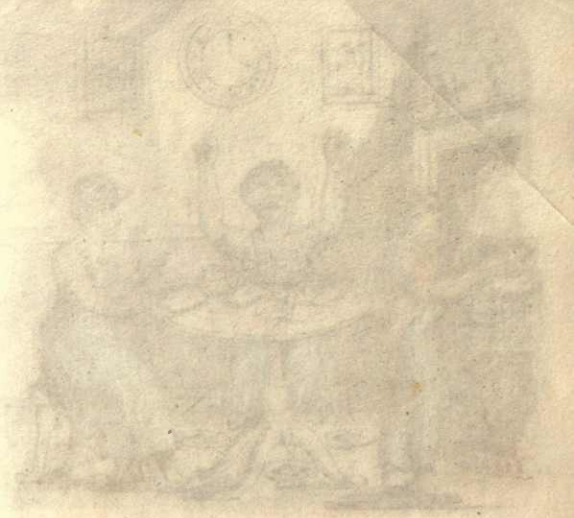
Snail, Snail,
Come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you,
Black as a coal.

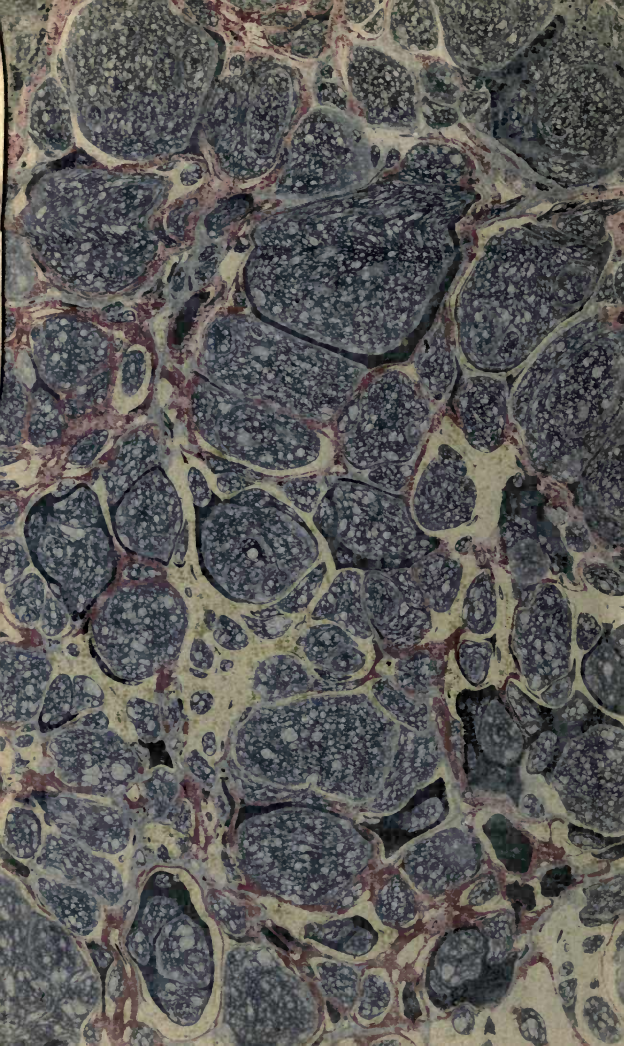
Lady-bird, Lady-bird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children's at home.



Goosey, Goosey, Gander,
Where will you wander,
Up stairs and down stairs,
To my lady's chamber.

See saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and laid on straw;
Was not she a nasty slut,
To sell her bed and lay in dirt.



To bed, to bed, says Sleepy Head,
Pray stop awhile, says Slow,
Put on the pot, cries Greedy Guts,
We'll sup before we go.

Old king Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
Old king Cole would call for his bowl,
And sing let's merry merry be.